

Jane Goodall continues In the Shadow of Man, her absorbing study of the life-style of chimpanzees and its relevance to human social problems: 'teenager' chimps undergo oddly similar stresses in finding their place in the adult community—and for the motherless the struggle can be too much...

THE PAINS OF GROWING UP

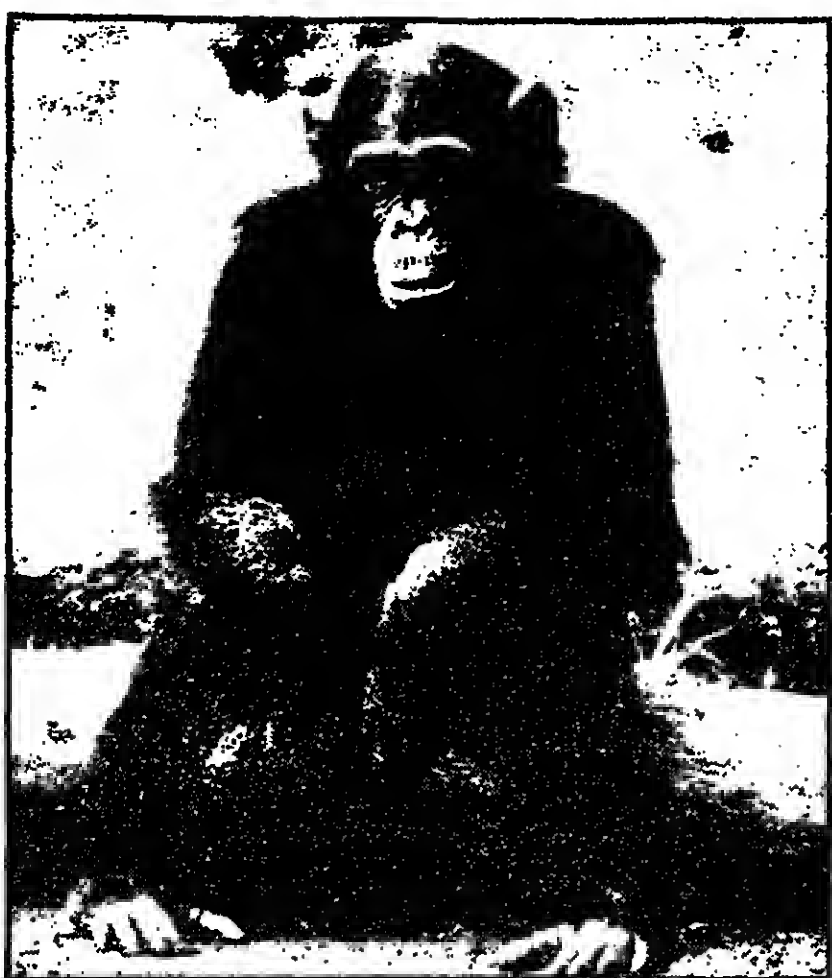
IT HAPPENS WHEN A CHIMP infant loses its mother, who did was Merlin. When he died of polio at five years old, almost glad for, from being ill and impish, he had become a wreck of a chimpanzee, hunched, lethargic and morose.

He had been about three years old, still suckling, still riding about his old mother Marina, and living with her at night, when two of them stopped visiting feeding area. Merlin's six-year-old sister, Miff, continued to appear early—and, since she had travelled about with her mother and small brother, we knew that Marina and Merlin had

When, just over three months later, Merlin reappeared. He was thin, with a tight hard skin, and his eyes seemed enormous as though he had not slept long time. Goodness knows what had happened to his mother, how long she had been dead—must have died, for we never saw her again.

From that moment Miff, to all intents and purposes, adopted her brother. She waited for him, she went from place to place, allowed him to share her nest, she groomed him as frequently as his mother would have.

For the first few days after her return she even permitted him to occasionally sit on her back, after that, she pushed him off, tried to jump on—she was a long-legged youngster and was probably too heavy for



Fifi was lucky, for to her old Flo was a tolerant mother: she was also precocious—possibly the chimpanzee equivalent of a nymphomaniac.

Humphrey, who had already started to display, ran straight at Merlin, seized him by one arm and dragged him for several yards along the ground. As the big male charged away Merlin, screaming, rushed to embrace Miff.

He had behaved like a small infant who does not yet appreciate the signals of impending aggression in his elders. Yet before this, Merlin, like all normal three-year-olds, had always responded instantly and appropriately to signals of this sort.

This episode, in fact, was the start of a marked deterioration of Merlin's social responses. Time and again he was dragged or buffeted by displaying males because he ran towards them instead

of away. When he was four years old Merlin was far more submissive than other youngsters of that age: constantly he approached adults to ingratiate himself, turning again and again to present his rump, or crouching, pant-grunting, before them.

At the other end of the scale, Merlin was extra aggressive to other infants of his own age group: when old Flo's baby, Flint, tried to play, Merlin, whilst he sometimes merely crouched or turned his back, was equally likely to hit out aggressively, so that Flint, a year younger than he, ran off with squeals of fear. And, matching this decline in playful behaviour, Merlin began to groom older chimps, particularly his sister, more frequently and for longer at a time than other youngsters of his age.

As Merlin entered his sixth year his behaviour was becoming rapidly more abnormal. Sometimes he hung upside down, like a bat, holding on to a branch by his feet and remaining suspended almost motionless, for several minutes at a time. Often he sat, hunched up with his arms around his knees, rocking from side to side with wide-open eyes that seemed to stare into the far distance. And he spent much time grooming himself, during which he pulled out hair after hair, chewed at the roots, and dropped them.

One of the strangest observations concerned Merlin's tool-using behaviour during the termite season. Normally a youngster is efficient at this age, both in his choice and his manipulation of grass tools, so that I was amazed to find that Merlin's technique had hardly improved since I had watched him two years earlier.

He still chose, for the most part, minute tools, and if he selected one that was of reasonable length, it was limp or bent. He still jerked his tools from the holes rather than withdrawing them with the care of an adult. It was indeed strange—particularly as Miff was a keen termite-fisher and Merlin must have spent many hours with her whilst she worked heap after heap.

Only in one respect had his behaviour matured. Two- and three-year-old chimp youngsters seldom spend more than a couple of minutes at a time working at the job. After this they move off and play around for a while before making another brief attempt. But Merlin worked away with the concentration of a chimpanzee older than his five years: on one occasion he persisted without interruption, for forty-five minutes. But during that time he caught only one termite and that was on the end of his finger when he was trying to enlarge a hole.

By this time Merlin was so thin that every bone showed. His hair was not only dull, but there were great patches of it missing on his legs and arms where he had gradually pulled it out during self-groom-

ing. Often he lay stretched flat on the ground whilst the other youngsters played, as though he was constantly exhausted. He was definitely smaller than Flint who was more than a year his junior.

Just before the start of the rains we wondered, for a while whether he was beginning to improve, for he began to play again. Some of his games were quite vigorous—but as soon as one of his playmates got rough, Merlin still either crouched, squealing in submission, or else turned and bit out aggressively.

Despite this improvement, however, when the rains began we all felt convinced that he could not survive six months of cold and wet. At the slightest shower he started to shiver, and often his face and hands and feet actually went blue with cold. That is why we were, in many ways, relieved when polio put an end to his sufferings.

Merlin is not the only orphan we have known; three other infants lost their mothers and two of them, like Merlin, were adopted by their elder siblings.

It seems strange that an orphaned infant should be adopted in this way rather than by an experienced female with a child of her own who could, perhaps, provide the motherless youngster with milk as well as with adequate social protection and security.

Why does a three-year-old chimpanzee become so depressed when he loses his mother? True, he is still dependent to some extent on her milk—but he only suckles for a couple of minutes every two hours, and he is able to eat the same solid foods as an adult. We do not yet know the answer to this question, but we have a clue if we look at the differences in behaviour shown by Merlin and another orphan, Beattie.

Both of these infants had been deprived of their mothers at a similar age, and deprived of the reassurance of the breast. Both, initially, showed gradually increasing depression. But then Merlin's condition declined whereas Beattie's improved. Beattie was able to continue riding about on another chimpanzee, just as she had ridden her mother before her death.

Her world, indeed, had been shattered by the loss of her mother; if her sister moved away only a few yards without her she whimpered, even screamed, and rushed after her. But once she had scrambled aboard she was, once more, in close physical contact with a large chimpanzee—an individual who knew what to do in times of trouble, who would rush her to safety up a tree at the right time, who could run fast and swiftly carry them both to safety.

Merlin, in contrast, no longer had a haven of refuge after Marina's death. Miff was no more than a constant companion and was of little use to her brother in times of social excitement in the group. And so it seems possible that Merlin's troubles were principally psychological; that his terrible physical condition resulted more from a sense of social insecurity than from any nutritional deficiency caused by the absence of his mother's milk.

This theory is to some extent supported by the fact that, when his physical condition was at its worst, just before he died, he did seem to cheer up a little mentally, as though, very slowly, his mind might have been recovering. But, by that time, it was too late.

If, one day, we are able to study the development of a chimpanzee orphan to adulthood, we may learn much. Will time heal the wound caused by the death of the mother? What abnormalities will persist as a result of his early traumatic experience?

The answers may be beneficial to those studying orphaned or socially deprived human children. For, whilst chimpanzee society does impose certain rules of conduct it imposes far fewer than even the most primitive human society.

A human has amazing powers of self-control and he learns, early in life, what are the accepted norms of behaviour. This means that unless he is mentally unbalanced he is usually able to control, at least in public, any inclination he may have to behave in an unacceptable way. A chimpanzee, however, is not inhibited by any fear of "making a fool of himself".

We can, of course, learn much about the effect of an early traumatic experience in the subsequent adult life of a human, but not only is a man's behaviour



Merlin, orphaned at three years old, was "adopted" by his older sister, but still he remained stunted and grew neurotic. Study of his and similar cases may help us understand the problems faced by human orphans.

much more complex, it is also more difficult to make consistent, regular observations on an adult human. So a real understanding of the less complicated behaviour of a chimpanzee orphan during successive years may prove invaluable to our better understanding of some of the problems faced by human orphans.

ADOLESCENCE IS A DIFFICULT and frustrating time for some chimpanzees just as it is for some humans. Possibly it is worse for males—in both species.

The male chimpanzee becomes physically mature at puberty, when he is between seven and eight years old, but he is still nowhere near full grown: he weighs about forty pounds as compared to the hundred pounds of the fully mature male. And he is still far from socially mature; indeed, he will not be ranked among the mature males for another six or seven years. He is increasingly able to dominate, even terrorise, females—yet in his interactions with the high males he must become ever more cautious in order to avoid arousing their aggression.

One of the most stabilising factors for the adolescent male may well be his relationship with his mother. Old Flo, affectionate and tolerant with all her offspring, was frequently accompanied by Fabin and Figin during their adolescence. Oily and another mother, Marina, both less relaxed and tolerant of their youngsters, were joined less often by their adolescent sons but, nevertheless, we saw them together on many occasions.

For the most part, these adolescent males, even when they were ten or eleven years old, continued to show respect for their mothers. If we offered a banana, the son usually stood back and waited for his mother to take the fruit.

On many occasions a mother will hurry to try to help her adolescent son. Once when the low-ranking and nervous Mr Worzle attacked Fabin, who was about twelve at the time, Flo, with baby Flint clinging to her and her hair on end, rushed towards the scene of strife.

As she approached, Fabin's frightened screams instantly turned to angry roars and he began to display, standing upright and swaggering from foot to foot. Then mother and son, side by side, charged along the track towards old Mr Worzle, with Flo, uttering loud barks in her hoarse voice, stamping on the ground in her fury. Mr Worzle turned and fled.

When an adolescent is attacked by a high-ranking male then, of course, there is little the mother can do, but she usually hurries up to see what is going on, and may utter roars in the background. Even timid Oily once hung about harking whilst the dominant Mike attacked Evered and afterwards, when her son had run off screaming, she crept submissively up to Mike, pant-grunting hysterically, and laid her hand on his back—as though to propitiate him for whatever rash act on the part of her son had led to the fight.

Of course the relationship between mother and son does change somewhat as the young male grows older. When Figin rushed past Flo in a charging display, at the age of seven, she completely ignored him—though other adult females normally fled.

A year later, however, Flo too rushed out of Figin's way when he careered towards her, dragging a branch and, with his hair on end, looking twice his normal size. Nevertheless, during that same year, we once saw Flo, during the excitement of banana feeding, pound aggressively on Figin's back with her fists so that he ran off, screaming.

As the adolescent male gets older he becomes increasingly likely to hurry to his mother's aid when

she is threatened or attacked. One day the old mother Marina threatened Fifi, Fifi screamed, Flo ran to her daughter's assistance, and the two old females tumbled over to the dust.

At this moment Marina's nine-year-old son Pepe, who had been feeding in a palm tree, noticed what was going on. He climbed rapidly from his tree and charged towards his mother. Flo, seeing him coming, turned and fled. Then Marina and Pepe chased Flo and Fifi away and Flo, who had been able to make mincemeat out of Pepe only two years before, screamed until she choked with rage.

In his dealings with the higher- continued on next page

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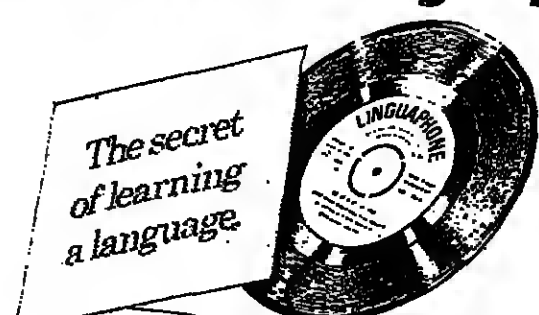
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PHILIP OAKES TALKS TO PENELOPE MORTIMER
JULIAN SYMONS: A WESTERN TRIUMPH

Maurice Wiggin reports on the BBC's mammoth and controversial documentary about the French Occupation

THE TELEVISION MYTH-BREAKERS

TWENTY YEARS as a television critic I have known occasions which were more exciting, more beautiful, more charming and frankly more congenial; but few which raised more soundly interesting and important questions to the Sorrow and The Pity. This enormous compilation film study of France under the German Occupation was written and directed by Marcel Ophüls, not shown by the French television service, ORTF, but shown in the French cinema and on Swiss and German TV. It is shown by BBC2 from 8 pm on Friday until 10 am on Saturday.

Any viewer who voluntarily avoided exposure to this sombre experience has my sympathy. It is a measure of understanding: it was gruelling, deeply sad, almost unbearably depressing. It was charged with that unmistakable tension of the historic event. M. Ophüls and his colleagues re-examined the traumatic French experience by a process of alternating time propaganda and news film—sometimes they were the same thing—with the hindsight of 1969 (when this film was made). The result is an impression of confusion which, at the moment, I feel may be indelible, though experience teaches, and this film heavily underlines the lesson, that nothing is so permanent as it seems.

If we may sum up the philosophical implications of the film... It amply confirms the precariousness of human order, the illusiveness of institutions and ideologies, the viciousness of propaganda, the imperfection of memory, the ineradicable tendency to believe in what is congenial and to recollect what ministers to our self-esteem.

The sheer bulk and mass of the film was in no measure a protection—for the sensitive viewer, a necessary protection—against being overwhelmed by the sorrow and the pity of it. Though never boring, it did contain tracts less engrossing material which (to a non-inchman at any rate) mercifully lowered the temperature. There were times, for example, when it seemed not so much the story of France as the story of Mandelstam. The French cast of survivors chosen by M. Ophüls represented a social and ideological cross-section of French society: from the Communist Party to the monarchist Colonel Ducloux and the ex-Fascist aristocrat Christian de Mazière, who fought with 7,000 of his countrymen in the French Châteauneuf Division of the Waffen SS. From a village barber who was betrayed to Buchenwald for his activities in the Resistance to Pétain's complacent Minister, Lamiand and Laval's unctuous in-law, the Comte de Chambrun, who described Laval as a Resistance fighter.

It was the cumulative effect of the relentless presentation of this film which finally told me more than the novelty of any particular revelation. In fact, there was rather little that seemed new—though it was certainly surprising to learn that during the making of the film they failed to find a single person in France who had actually heard de Gaulle's historic broadcast to his countrymen from London in 1940. The suggestions of cynical treachery in 1940; the allegations that French Jews were zealous collaborators with the Nazis; and that Laval's anti-Semitic zeal was as fervent than the German's own—all this had been heard before, together with the repeated allegations that the well-off bourgeoisie collaborated most willingly.

It is easy to understand the film's effect on the cinema, especially on that younger generation which has grown up with the myth that

most of their fathers were resistance-minded and that France contributed greatly to her liberation. The truth, as a character said, appears to be that "France was split in two." This film showed much that we would all like to forget—but also much that we should remember. There was self-preservation, honest doubt, indifference, callous cruelty—and also great courage. As an indubitable hero of the Resistance put it: "I think you joined the Resistance only if you were some way maladjusted," and he added in a thoughtful murmur, "If you always adjust to everything, you are not a very attractive person."

As Lord Avon said to the interviewer, "It is not for a nation which has not gone through the horrors of occupation to judge a nation which has." True, and never to be forgotten. But no Englishman could see this haunting and terrible compilation without asking himself questions. How should we have behaved if England had been occupied? How did the Germans behave when Germany was occupied? Even the question: How do you feel now about the Common Market? and many insistent questions about the very nature of history ("Bunk" said Henry Ford); about the nature of propaganda, about patriotism and the soldierly virtues, about pacifism and internationalism, about myth and illusion and memory and most insistently about mass communications.

Reverting to my old theme of the convergence of fact and fiction, I was persistently reminded during these painful hours of BBC 2's most memorable, most powerful, though by no means most popular drama series, Sartre's "The Roads to Freedom," which presented a brilliant, committed artist's vision of the barrowing truth of 1940 with almost unbearable poignancy. And I found myself thinking not only of Rex Fitts's gripping historical serial Manhunt, set in those same circumstances, which has been baying its second run on London Weekend Television, but also of his current serial, The Guardians, which is an attempt to project a vision of England under totalitarian government in the near future.

The Guardians has been very uneven. John Bower's contributions stand out so clearly that I wish he could have written the entire series. But the main objection which I have, the real misgiving, is that the characters seem to be living in a curious isolation. One wonders where the population is. There is no feeling of a restless, mutinous, freedom-loving population, milling around outside, murmuring for change. England is strangely quiet. The Ophüls film makes one ask still more insistently, would it be so quiet?

I do not, of course, presume to answer any of the questions raised by these experiences. It is all I can do to make them to suggest that they are still there, still unanswered, and to leave them to you. These are the occasions which justify TV's claim to importance—and underline its common triviality, and ours.

MODEST Mike Wooller, originator and producer of the intriguing series All in a Day, is the man who would have carried the can if it had been a total failure instead of a partial success. So I gave him all the credit there was. But he is anxious that credit for their interpretation of the idea and understanding of the concept should go to his team of young directors—Tim King, Alan Bell, Rex Bloomstein and Anna Benson-Gyles—and also the film editors, in particular David Naden and David Martin. Gladly.



The first British production of Alban Berg's opera "Lulu" opens at the New Theatre, Cardiff, presented by the Welsh National Opera. Carole Farley sings the title role and Poul Hudson (right) is the strong-man Rodrigo. Production is by Michael Gebel, the designer is Ralph Koltai, the conductor James Lockhart

MY MUSICAL WEEK began in Scotland and led me to the Round House, Albert Hall and Covent Garden. In two Usher Hall concerts under George Solli, and on their first ever European tour, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra proved their place among America's first three or four. If the woodwind, despite an outstanding first oboe, sounded less individually coloured than some, strings and brass proved outstanding both in tone and discipline. The varied textures of Elliott Carter's Variations, despite austerity of musical language and complexity of thought, offered scope for orchestral display.

So, too, did the more familiar world of Mahler's Fifth Symphony. This found Solli in the urgent and passionate mood that London knows so well. The mourners of the first movement stepped briskly, and the wilder scherzo and the long Rondo-finale blazed along, except of course in their more sentimental moments. A notable feature of these concerts was that even in the most monumental climaxes the Chicago sound was neither harsh nor too loud for the hall, an acoustic point the Boston Symphony failed to observe.

Some of Solli's urgency informed an impeccable account of Mozart's D minor Piano Concerto by Vladimir Ashkenazy, who was in the same splendid mood at Tuesday's Prom. There, with the LPO under John Pritchard, he made light of the technical difficulties of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto, but not of its musical content. A prince among pianists.

On several counts, the London

orchestral premiere of Messiaen's Poèmes pour Mi song-cycle at this concert failed to reach anything like a similar standard of execution. A key work to his earlier, pre-war manner, its unfamiliarity is partly the composer's fault, for he demands a dramatic soprano of Wagnerian vocal girth. More of a Mélisande than an Isolde, though with doubtful French vowels, Joaze Marsh, hardly fulfils this ideal, and is no match for Messiaen's more taxing passages. And neither Mr Pritchard nor the LPO seemed quite happy with his irregular rhythms. It was, on the whole, an unconvincing performance, unlike, for example, the completely idiomatic account of an earlier French song-cycle, Debussy's Proses Lyriques, by Gerald English and Margaret Kitchin in Edinburgh the previous morning.

The week's newer music included, at another Edinburgh morning concert, the first performance of Martin Dalby's The Keeper of the Pass, commissioned by the Festival, for the Matrix, yet another with-it group in which the ubiquitous Alan Hacker toots his clarinets, and Jane Manning further exploits her vocal versatility. The fashionable text (revised, of course, by consultation of the "Ching") mystical, Nietzschean and peppered by a little Middle Eastern blasphemy, is set in a fashionable way which

shows that Mr Dalby can play this particular game rather well, without denying his more positive musical abilities.

Another young composer who knows what music is about, but is more interested in exploration than in cultivation is George Newson, who, after the promise of an early Cheltenham Festival commission, touched an all-time low with an electronic piece based on recorded birding which once filled the Elizabeth Hall with indescribable cacophony for too long. His Arena, a BBC commission this time, brought a kind of tropical circus to the Round House. It involved Jane Manning (of course), Alan Hacker (of course), Cleo Laine, Joe Melia, the King's Singers and the Goldsmiths College Music Society Choir. Mr Newson threw them all to the lions with fine fecklessness. But behind the multimedia mish-mash, a scene for Cleo Laine on the subject of Adam's myth, and his other extravaganzas, there was enough evidence in his handling of musical resources, even in the simplest sections, to show that Newson, like Dalby, knows what music is about.

A team of ten, with Gerlie Charlton, Marie-Thérèse Cahn and William Pearson supplying what might doubtfully be termed the vocal element, were conducted in Ligeti's Aventures and Nouvelles aventures by Pierre Boulez who

had more difficulty in restraining his amusement than in beating time. The joke, now to London perhaps is at least eleven years old. It began in a Cologne attic, the Atelier Baumeister (Miss Baumeister is now Mrs Stockhausen), when a younger William Pearson performed Carlo Bussotti's "Pearsoo Piece" with the composer, as a fringe event of the I.C.A. Festival. Now the two added ladies make the vocal antics treble hilarious. But, the visual fun apart, Mr Ligeti's score is very, very thin.

AFTER which, the long E flat chord opening Wagner's Rheingold has never sounded more welcome or confident than it did on Wednesday at Covent Garden when Edward Downes began the first of this year's two "Ring" cycles. Apart from

two splendid visitors, Karl Ridderbusch, an almost touchingly lyrical Fasolt, and Marius Rintzler, a musical as well as malign Alberich, the cast is a strong home team. A lyric quality of voice also informs Ava June's Freia and Alberto Remedios's Froh. John Lanigan has the right detachment for Loge, while Donald McIntyre's golden-voiced Wotan fulfils all hopes. Mr Downes's reading, gentler than Solli's, was no less precise.

Thursday's Walküre brought two newcomers, Ridderbusch's nobly sonorous Hunding, and the Siegmund of Richard Cassilly, an equally Herculean American, to partner the already admired and ever movingly beautiful Sieglode of Helga Dernesch. This vocal ardour was matched by the consistently fine and flexible orchestral playing secured by Mr Downes. With the oow familiar Brünnhilde of Amy Smead, Donald McIntyre's Wotan, the acceptable castings of a new Fricka (Ruth Hesse), and a full-voiced team of Valkyries, Covent Garden's latest Wagner trilogy has begun two proud.

The isle is full of noises

MUSIC □ FELIX APRAHAMIAN

NEWS IN THE ARTS

BBC TV launch exploring epic

KENNETH PEARSON

was an instant success. Later she was compared with George Eliot, and Henry James and one time lamented his inferiority! At the height of her career, when someone stole a plot of hers for a play, she sued, won, and her action caused a change in copyright law. Eminent English authors sent her an inscribed bracelet.

● Tate buys Phillips

ANGELA FLOWERS is moving her art gallery from Leicester Square to Portland Mews, off D'Arbury Street, in the middle of Soho. Her first show, opening on September 20, will include one new picture from each of her protégés; a batch which includes Patrick Hughes, Penny Slinger, Jeff Nuttall, Derek Hirst and Tom Phillips. Phillips himself gets a contract with Rainbird who will co-produce with Eyre and Spottiswoode Barnett's next, the life of Marlborough.

● Military profiles

MILITARY historian Correlli Barnett has just delivered his latest study to Eyre and Spottiswoode. They will be bringing out The Collapse of British Power next spring. The book spreads itself on 1940, but then looks back over 120 years at the reasons for our decline. Not waiting a moment, Barnett has just signed a contract with Rainbird who will co-produce with Eyre and Spottiswoode Barnett's next, the life of Marlborough.

● New Vic theatre

THE ARTS COUNCIL has given the Young Vic £1,000 to sound-proof and otherwise prepare its small studio theatre for production. Work is going on now to fix it for seats and lighting. Director, Frank Dunlop, and assistant director Peter James are looking for a new play to open the studio theatre at the end of October. After that the theatre

will be reserved for more new plays and the work of other experimental groups. In the meantime, James is preparing a production of Romeo and Juliet for the Young Vic's main stage.

● EMI cuts Chicago?

THE COST of recording orchestras in the United States has soared so high that EMI are thinking of ending their long association with the Chicago Symphony. Four years ago twelve big American orchestras were recording. Now that figure is down to three. EMI are talking to Chicago about a new contract, but are not very hopeful with fees as they are.

● Birth of snaps

FOR NEXT APRIL, and beyond the Victoria and Albert Museum has peccolled into its schedules an intriguing exhibition about the birth of photography. Designed by Robin Wade and assembled by one of the foremost experts on early photography, Dr David Thomas of the Science Museum, the show will be staged under the intriguing title "From Today Painting Is Dead." It's a remark said to have been made by a paddy Impressionist painter when he saw his first photograph. Tom Wedgwood, son of potter Josiah, and Humphry Davy of the miners' lamp, were the first here to get near the invention around 1802. But it was the French lithographer Nicéphore who produced the first picture image—and then even he couldn't fix it. The Wedgwood-Thomson exhibition will take the subject up to 1838 when Eastman invented the roll film. After that it was "You press the button, and we'll do the rest."

● ICA changes

AND THAT TAKES us neatly to the Institute of Contemporary Arts where, after the trauma of debts and sackings, director David Thompson is planning a minor revolution. A photo-research

centre and library is being established as one of the central functions of the ICA. The place is changing shape as well. Gifts from builder-art collector Alistair McAlpine and Terrence Conran are making it possible to break up the bangor-like appearance of the main gallery with a mezzanine floor, a bigger restaurant, a bar and more exhibiting room. "We're aiming to get the ICA back to a talk place, a forum," says Thompson. Soon after the ICA opens in October, Auden will be reading there and a special exhibition will study the much-heralded cassette revolution. All are tied to lectures.

● The score at Leeds

NEXT WEDNESDAY the Leeds Playhouse celebrates its first birthday with the world premiere functions of the ICA. In a Bath of Acid, in which Alfred Burke plays Strindberg. Before then, tomorrow in fact, the theatre's board will receive the first season's accounts. And they're not bad at all. After subsidies of £22,000 from the Arts Council and £5,000 from Leeds, the operating deficit turns out to be £2,222, though they still need £40,000 on the capital account to cover the cost of the building. Customers during the eight-month period numbered 80,950. Hamlet drew audiences of 87 per cent capacity and Arthur Miller's The Crucible attracted 73 per cent. Perhaps the most encouraging figure is to be found for Ken Campbell's Old King Cole at matinees only—11,536 children and parents turned up.

● LSO for Milan

THE LONDON SYMPHONY Orchestra's winter plans, to be released this week, include three concerts in October at the Verdi Conservatorio in Milan. The highlight of the LSO's visit will in fact be the subject of a probable world premiere at the Festival Hall on October 10 when the orchestra plays Paganini's Third Violin Concerto with the soloist Henryk Szeryng. I say probable because it is not known for certain whether the piece was played in Paganini's lifetime. Alexander Gibson, who has already recorded the work with the LSO, will conduct in London. Edward Downes takes over in Milan.

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BEFORE READING Wallace Stegner's *Angle of Repose*, I should have said that Robert Penn Warren was the only living American novelist with the rich sense of historical imagination that can truly revive and illuminate the past. Warren's spoiled masterpiece "World Enough and Time" (spoiled only because the style's rhetorical luxuriance contains in the end a hint of pastiche) is still too little regarded in this country. It would be sad if Mr Stegner's fine, but for English readers in some ways difficult, novel achieved only similar disregard.

The setting is the American West in the second half of the nineteenth century, and the difficulty lies in the fact that many readers here can barely tell Colorado from Idaho. The book follows the life of a mining engineer named Oliver Ward, and his wife Susan, as they move from a pleasant house in California to a log cabin in Leadville, Colorado, to Boise City, Idaho, where Oliver has a grandiose irrigation scheme to make himself rich and thousands of acres prosperous. The character of a rough, dangerous life, particularly as experienced by Susan, is reconstructed with such fidelity that at times it might be the record of some intrepid woman traveller of the time like Isabella Bird.

The story of Oliver and Susan does not come to us direct, but filtered through the imagination of their grandson, Lyman Ward. Lyman, a one-legged cripple confined to a wheelchair and dying by inches of an arthritic bone disease, is trying to write a book and letters to tell about his grandparents' lives. The narrative moves from his life as a helpless puppet who has to be bathed and dressed, to that of Oliver and Susan, and the distancing effect of this alteration in time and place points up some modern morals, and takes away altogether what might be a cloying chronicle novel flavour.

It is through Lyman's sensibility that we see the problems of Susan, a reasonably talented artist and book-illustrator accustomed to civilised New York when she is translated to a world that seems intolerably crude. She

Window on the West

ANGLE OF REPOSE by Wallace Stegner/Heinemann £3.25

WHO WERE YOU WITH LAST NIGHT? by Frederic Raphael Cape £1.50

TENANTS OF THE HOUSE by Gilbert Phelps/Barrie & Jenkins £2

TRAVELS IN NIBHLON by Alan Sillitoe/W H Allen £2

JULIAN SYMONS

lives a separate life out in the West, obtaining commissions from fashionable magazines like Scribner's and the Atlantic, and corresponding endlessly with cultured friends back in the East. And at the novel's climax, as often through the narrative, Lyman has to fall back on conjecture. Some terrible event occurred, after which the lives of Susan, Oliver, and their son young Oliver were no longer the same, but its exact nature has to be guessed at, as never certainly known. A fine intelligence is combined in the book with a driving narrative force that never falters through its 500-odd pages.

Frederic Raphael's short novel *Who Were You With Last Night?* is a not wholly successful attempt to give a new dimension to the thriller. In a first person narrative Charlie Hanson tells how he dropped into domesticity with red-haired Lola against his intention and desire, and why he would like to get rid of her even though at times he thinks "I'm really quite fond of that woman." Their silences are full of discontent that never becomes anger, their hickering barely rises to the level of a quarrel, yet his commonplaces conceal murderous thoughts.

All this is well established, but the climactic action is a let-down. Charlie starts an affair with a woman at the office, and they are trapped naked in the boss's room by one of those little sex-starved men complete with mackintosh and gun. After some fairly synthetic excitement Charlie goes back to his Lols. Somewhere in



Wallace Stegner

his stream of consciousness a lively thriller has got lost.

"Who are the tenants of Hugo's house? And what is the house, with paranoid intent on the top floor and relative tranquillity in its garden?" asks the dust wrapper of Gilbert Phelps' *Tenants of the House*. Good questions, I must say, which remain unanswered at the end of a story combining Dickensian parody with a slow-motion vision with a Kafkaesque weight of symbolism.

Ignore the symbolism, however, and you have a very enjoy-

able semi-surrealist comedy about Hugo the rubbery round-faced neutral landlord, and the tenants whose various obsessions are seen generally in physical terms—Sergeant Palfrey whose hips grind like gears as he salutes, Mrs Quincy whose knee caps are hard and shiny as snooker balls, Skidmore who looks like a painting in which the colours have started to run. Every one of the characters is described with fanatical exactness, in terms of physical appearance and of the smells that make up their characteristic ambience. There are splendidly funny scenes, like the taking over of the top floor by hippies who, indignant because they are ignored by Hugo, force official action by placing a revolutionary manifesto on the police station notice board. People and actions are remarkably real and vivid. It seems a pity that motives should be so obscure.

A cloud of obscurity about its creator's intentions hangs also over Nihilon, the scene of Alan Sillitoe's *Travels in Nihilon*. This is a satire, occasionally reminiscent of "Erewhon" and more often of Rex Warner's *The Wild Goose Chase*, but what exactly is under the microscope? Nihilism, unrestricted capitalism, the untruths and inaccuracies of the mass media, British life in general? A blend of all these, perhaps.

Five people enter Nihilon, by car, bicycle, train, sea and air. They find a country where irrationality and destructiveness for the rule. Instructions for motorists are "Death on the Road". Nobody is allowed to drive unless drunk, to drive within the speed limit, or to possess repair and tool kits. The national radio bulletin is called "Here are the Lies," and every-day cheats as a matter of course, up to the point at which they are threatened with superior force. The plot, so far as it goes, is about a revolution which overthrows President Nil, and like the individual jokes already mentioned, it is fairly clumsily handled. There are some touches, like the two-faced flags hung out in Nihilon City during the revolution, but they are thinly spread.

and sexual exploiters before attaining his pacifist goal. Doggedly inventive, but strained and moralistic allegory.

The *Clam Shell* by Mary Lee Settle (Bodley Head £2). Highly sensitive backwoods girl battles against her upbringing and the false values of her parents. Scandals both brutal and hilarious contribute to her gradual acceptance of her own identity. Sillitoe often lurid indictment of formal education stifling adolescent growth.

Familiar Relations by Pamela McCorduck (Michael Joseph £2). Earthy Irish family dominated by ex-Army actress matriarch retain native identity and survive amidst the warlike Liverpool. When father's revelation of his scandalous secret compels further adjustments. Lively first novel with powerful central character and authentic evocation of the city under fire.

SHORT REPORTS

Lyrical sexy and self-consciously misanthropic of D. H. Lawrence and Scott Fitzgerald.

Bear Island by Alistair MacLean (Collins £1.50). Film unit aboard ship for Arctic is struck by mysterious poisonings. The ship's doctor parries attempts on his own life to uncover on Bear Island a plot involving a phony holocaust and international embezzlement. Sharply written, intriguing if implausible melodrama.

The Fattest Bank in New Orleans by Max Catto (Heinemann £2.10). Reared by Choctaw Indians, enterprising Barney becomes part owner of paddle steamer and shepherds the future Parisienne wife in search of Spanish bullion. Fascinating picaresque novel involving Napoleonic patriots,

river Pirates, Spanish garrisons and Mexican bandits, attractively infused with powerful sense of absurdity.

The White Dawn by James Houston (Heinemann £2.10). Documentary novel of six whalers stranded among Eskimos in 1886. Their adoption into village life and their subsequent violent conflict with a peaceful people and its cunning leader form part of what is primarily a superbly detailed and dignified evocation of a strange culture.

But What If There are No Pelicans? by Donald Horne (Angus & Robertson £1.50). Young soldier fantasises on nature of power and violence. Interrogated and analysed by mysterious computers, he drifts among university rebels, pleasure-seeking surfers, bloody civil wars, political conspirators

SCIENCE FICTION: EDMUND COOPER

down. Physically, Bruno is now not a great deal older than his father, but his mind is more and more incomprehensible. Bruno slips slyly into a tragic nightmare of frustration and misunderstanding. The writing is exceptionally good, the situation fascinating.

Day Million by Frederik Pohl (Collins £1.40). Contains ten stories. What can one say about Frederik Pohl except that he is one of the great science-fiction innovators? Six of the stories, including the title story, are outstanding. Reading them is an entertaining way of rewiring one's own thinking processes.

Terminally by Leonard Daventry (Robert Hale £1.10) contains a futuristic notion that a ballet dancer before he is chilled until he can be cured of cancer. Twenty years later, when he is de-frosted and cured, he finds that the ballet dancer is frozen

of international politicians as a rule. Sooner that, when ever the PM, cabinet ministers and assorted Eurocrats appear on the telly, they are seen starkers. Pandemonium follows. Well, how would you react if certain persons did their party political thing in this gear? Alan Mr Daventry doesn't quite pull it off; but there are good moments.

Science Fiction Hall of Fame: Volume One edited by Robert Silverberg (Gollancz £2.25) contains twenty-six of what are described as the greatest science-fiction stories of all time, by such writers as Heinlein, Sturgeon, Asimov, Clarke, Bester, Kornbluth, Bradbury, and so on. A marvellous collection, chiefly of futuristic tales that have proved durable. However, some of the tales seem to recall a strange little scribbler, name of Wells. Really, this is too much! Has anyone done an anthology of great com-

munist writers excluding Karl Marx?

Titangle by R. W. Macdonald (Robert Hale £1.10) is as vague as a foggy landscape. The world is frozen, and a large colony survives in the cavernous refuge of White Mountain. Food is brought periscope across snow and ice from Supply Point. Eventually, a route to a warmer land is discovered; eventually White Mountain is attacked, and its remaining occupants stampede. Trouble is, we never quite know who is doing what to whom.

A Pollution Omnibus (Sidgwick & Jackson £2.25) contains *Make Room! Make Room!* by Harry Harrison; "Shark Ship" by C. M. Kornbluth; and "City" by Clifford Simak. The first novel is a frightening account of a claustrophobic, poverty-stricken New York of 1999, population 35 million. The Kornbluth novella vividly suggests what could happen when men are forced intensively to huddle the sea; and "City" is a brilliant fantasy sequence on the next ten thousand years of evolution. All excellent reading.

MEN BEHIND THE CAMERA

Dilys Powell on film books

like, hire or buy, into your house. His book is made up of interviews with sixteen directors from Warhol to Richard Lester, from Lindsay Anderson and Arthur Penn to Kurosawa; they are sharp, lively, minutely quotable.

What emerges from both these books is the passion by which film-makers (and who knows, movie-makers) are possessed. "To make film," says Bertolucci, "is a way of life." Certainly it is a way of life for the figures of Parker Tyler's *Underground Film* (Secker and Warburg £2.75). Mr Tyler presents his underground ground creators as the heirs of the avant-garde and the Surrealists, of the René Clair of "Entr'acte," of Bunuel and of the mad dream-world of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." "For, I am going to say from idolatry, this critical history is rather vicious going at times with all its excursions into psycho-analysis, anthropology and what not. But then this is a sticky

subject. Even the least groovy of us should be grateful for help with the obscurities.

Mr Tyler turns up again in *Film Camera* (Secker and Warburg £3.50 pp 438; editor: F. Adams Sitney), an anthology drawn from the magazine which, founded by John Huston, has served for sixteen years as a forum both for America's independent film-makers and for their serious critics. Warhol, Stan Brakhage, Kenneth Anger and Markopoulos are the fashionable avant-garde names are here. But one gets also a sense of history and the role of such pioneering stylists as Dziga Vertov and Kirsanov, Stroheim and Welles and Dreyer. With contributors ranging from Andrew Sarris to Herman G. Weinberg the collection is a bit of a viewpoint, but it mesmerises; another one I shall have to keep.

And Caligari again in *The German Cinema* (Dent £3. pp 180) by Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel, a useful piece of history beginning with the primitives and ending with the glacial Straub. One has perhaps had enough of the hallucinatory works of the silent period; a relief to find someone questioning Siegfried Krause's famous insistence on their importance in the growth of Nazism. More interesting, I think, is the treatment of the Hitler-period cinema (in particular the notorious anti-British *Omen* Kruger) and the short-lived post-war revival with the uncomfortable self-basking products of the East German industry.

And a heroine's welcome to Rachael Low with the fourth volume (1918-1929) of her monumental *The History of the British Film* (Allen Lane £7.35 pp 480). Basically this is a book of reference; libraries must have it. But now that Miss Low has reached a period attainable by living memory the general reader begins to find his fun. The indispensable mass of detail is here

—film credits, trade economics, censorship (both Potemkin and Mother were banned on political grounds). But Hitchcock is here too, and the young Asquith, and that splendid obstinate pioneer George Pearson. All the books I have so far mentioned are well illustrated. But Miss Low's stills are less familiar: stirring to see Victor McLaglen as Dick Turpin and Gladys Cooper as Flora Macdonald.

Finally some biographies: first, Marie Seton's *Portrait of a Director: Elysijs Ray* (Dobson £4.50 pp 256). Miss Seton is a friend of Ray's; the relationship provides valuable information but it can also be inhibiting. She is over-coming by the mass of personal as well as professional material, and while one likes to know about Ray's ancestry perhaps tracing the family tree back to the sixteenth century is going a bit far. The account of the early years of the director, though, is interesting (pleasing to note that he was encouraged by people in this country, among them Lindsay Anderson). Descriptions of the films and their preparation provide useful critical background, and the illustrations include a number of Ray's own drawings.

In America biographies are apt to be less genealogical and a good deal chattier, and Bob Thomas's two books, *Selznick and Thalberg: Life and Legend* (W. H. Allen £3.50 each, pp 384 and 416) rely heavily on conversations (and occasional expletives) rechecked by stars and other collaborators. I am interested, as much, I dare say, because of Thalberg's connection with Scott Fitzgerald as because of the films, from *Stroheim's The Merry Widow* to *Cukor's Camille*, produced under the Thalberg aegis. But both books, reviving as they do the triumphant age of Hollywood (Selznick, you remember, was responsible for *Gone With the Wind*) have a kind of desperate fascination. It is nice, I mean, to know that for a scene in *Spellbound* Hitchcock wanted Ingrid Bergman to appear covered with ants.

Philip Oakes talks to Penelope Mortimer

CLOSE TO HOME

LONDON NWS is Conran country, the executive uplands where Daddy goes a-hunting in bedroom and boardroom, and Mummy stays home to tend the family chores. The living is 1970s gracious. On tree-lined pavements small girls ride cycles, pretending they're ponies. Paintwork dazzles; prices soar.

On the face of it, everything's serene. But down in the Habitat kitchens discontent festers. Walled gardens harbour a wasteland. Behind those curtains—made, at a guess, from Sekers' silk—a thousand ladies beat their breasts. Their anguish may be chic, but it's nonetheless real. And Penelope Mortimer's right in there keeping the score.

No other contemporary writer has so faithfully recorded the middle-class music of crumbling marriages, ruptured loyalties, and bankrupt hopes. There has always been a strong vein of autobiography in her books, but usually, she says, she's kept a decent distance between the

actual then and the fictional now. Her new novel, *The Home*, published next week by Hutchinson, breaks the pattern.

"It's fair to say that it's more immediate. There isn't much tranquillity in the recollection. Of course, I'm not merely recording life; it changes as I write about it. But if the characters are completely fabricated they don't fit in with my experience."

The *Home* ends with the husband and wife signing a deed of separation, just as Penelope Mortimer and her husband John have lately gone their separate ways. The narrative—not only of this, but earlier novels—aches with the tyranny of children, an echo perhaps of her own much-loved but omnipresent family of six. She writes, she says, of what she knows. But she quarrels with critics who bill her as a modish true-confessor, whose tale-telling acts as a private balm.

"I don't believe that writing is at all cathartic because one never puts enough down. I

employ self-censorship because—not to be coy about it—I'm always conscious of my mother reading over one shoulder, and the children reading over the other. But I would dearly love to do something different, another sort of book. It's not that what I write about is restricting; but the subject matter is restricted. What I would like to do is stop describing the top third of experience and go on down to the submerged two-thirds. The danger in going deeper is that one can become obscure—and I'd hate to be that. I'm a terrific purist. I write in the opposite way to how I talk. My conversations are all fits and starts, but in writing I try to say exactly what I mean. If I fail, then I'm not satisfied."

The *Home* is her seventh novel, her ninth book. "But I still find it hard to think of myself as a professional writer. I was brought up to have very little confidence in myself—because no one else had any confidence in me."

Her father was a vicar, and

she was educated variously by disciples of A. S. Neill, Rudolph Steiner, and at an establishment for Daughters of the Clergy. She spent a year at London University, quit to become secretary to an executive at Butlins, married a journalist from Reute (the marriage was subsequently dissolved) and had her first child at eighteen.

"I'd always tried to write. The family was indulgent about it. It was always referred to as 'Penny's little hobby'—something she'd get over when she married. I wrote reams of poetry, none of it published, and then I did couple of pieces for the *N Statesman*. Kingsley Martin said, 'You're an excellent writer. I'd like to see you do it.' I told him I wanted to be a second Virginia Woolf. He didn't answer, and I looked at me pitifully."

Her first novel, *Johanna*, to her five years to write. "It was published in 1947 and sent to a publisher. Now people tell me the best thing I've ever written. I took ages to write my second but when I showed it to Fr Warburg—the head of Secker & Warburg—he advised me to away and read the history of the Peloponnesian Wars. I was utterly crushed, and couldn't write a thing for years."

Now, she reckons to complete a book in around four months. "I go straight at it, starting 9 a.m. and continuing until I'm exhausted. I have no idea how it will work out, or even what will happen to the main character. When I wrote *The Pumpkin*, I wrote what I thought was the last chapter, turned out to be the last. I try to write about my sympathetically, but no one believes me."

Her children, she thinks, value her life as a writer with mix feelings. "The thing is, writing is very close to sex. It draws the same source of energy. I totally absorbing. And it produces the same sort of jealousy. I remember one of my daughter's writing my typewriter into a garden and burying it. 'Twice she used to call it 'Mummy Busy' because that's what I'd do if she interrupted me."

For the present, she says, she's marking time. There is a book she has wanted to write for 10 years. It's a book about a woman who boards in a folder marked *Bliss* and *Pieces*. "But I don't know if I shall ever finish it."

Meanwhile she awaits reviews of *The Home*. "But you expose yourself in print. It's natural to want to see if people react. She hopes, reasonably enough, that they understand the book not merely as plot, but the intention behind it. After all, I read novels not for the story, but to find out what about the person who writes it."



Penelope Mortimer: 'I wanted to be a second Virginia Woolf'

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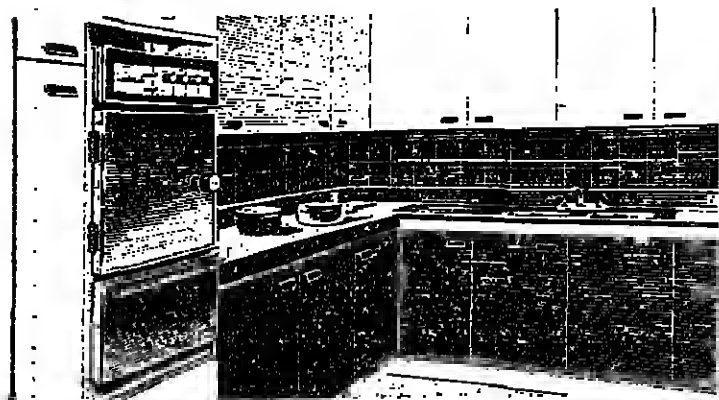
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LOOK!

Smart boy seeks shoes

THE ORANGE HAND has made its striking appearance all over Britain. It represents a chain of shops selling clothes for boys from 6 to 13, and we thought the gear could best be cosumer-tested by a boy.

We chose Toby Hall, a 15-year-old (just) with a marked critical faculty: only his spelling lacks:

The first impression was good so considering myself of average size tried some things. The first things I tried on wear trousers. Out of jeans, cords, canvas casuals and "layored trousers" they hadn't one pair to fit me, this seems odd, to say the least, for the shop with supposedly the most varied size range in existence.

Next were the shirts these were well made and cheap although still couldn't get one to fit me. My next stop was the jacket department. The casual jackets and the blazers impressed me. At about £8 they were well made and very good value. If I had had anything more than my buss fare home I would have bought one of the other.

Shoes, there were some rather nice "two tone" boots on sale so endeavoring to try a pair on I asked for a size seven pair, the assistant said, sorry we only go up to fours. Now the only 15-year-old boy I know who wears less than size five is my Cocker Spaniel! The last things I saw were the jumpers. I also liked these, they ranged from about £1.3.

With that I went home for tea with an, in a word, rather dim view of this service.

We thought that our young reporter, drunk with the power of the critic, had been a bit strong, and our more seasoned assessors were much taken by the Orange Hand (an off-shoot of Burton's).

Attractive fashionable ideas; good styling; reasonable prices. But do complain if they haven't the sizes.

THE RESPONSE to the Insight Consumer Unit's article last Sunday on children's shoes has been stupendous, indicating, of course, how seriously parents have taken the subject. There may, therefore, be slight delay in despatching all the information packs that have been asked for.

LES DEJAS (continued)
Flop—deja boo
Fast-growing calf—deja moo
Arab world—deja coup
Overcooked rice—deja goo
Precocious pigeon—deja goo
Burnt butter/floor—deja roux
Apache intermarriage—deja Sioux
Nylon/Mao—deja woo
Eclair's pastry—deja choux.
Ray Anzarut

Jilly Cooper, romping with Rix and the rest of them

I'VE ALWAYS adored Brian Rix. Whether he is tilting at Windmill girls, radiating jaunty hopelessness, or dropping his trousers and clangers. I see him as the King of Underpantomies.

Twenty-one years ago today, he made his debut in the West End in Reluctant Heroes and has been filling theatres with people and laughter ever since. His new farce, a political romp called Don't Just Lie There. Say Something, opens at the Garrick on Wednesday. Curious to know what is involved in the making of a Rix Farce, I decided to follow the progress of this one from the beginning.

The first rehearsal was in a British Legion Hall in Fulham. "No smoking while dancing, please leave prams outside," said a hasty notice on the door.

The cast of the play consists of four very pretty girls: Joanna Lumley, Deborah Grant, Nina Thomas and Donna Reading, and four funny men: Alfred Marks, who plays an outwardly respectable Minister of the Crown, whose private life is a girl-packed disgrace, Brian Rix as his straitlaced Under-Secretary, Leo Franklin as a doddering member of the Opposition, and Peter

Bland as a bemused police inspector.

The girls arrived first—all very done up for the first day: shining clean hair. Mediterranean tans out of a bottle. careful make-up, false eyelashes. I wondered how long they'd keep that up.

Brian Rix was incredibly jolly and brown from the South of Spain. Alfred Marks, also brown, was much more strung-up and twitchy.

Obviously they were thrilled to be getting down to work again. A lot of grope therapy went on, men kissing and grasping each other on the forearm. All the technical people were introduced to the cast, rather sketchily, no one remembering surnames. I had moved into the world of "if it moves, call it derling."

Wally Douglas, the director, tapped the table, and called everyone to order. I tried not to laugh when he said:

"Now darlings, I know it's asking a terrible lot of you to be here by a quarter to ten every day. But if we only take a short lunch break we can all be away by four."

A long irrelevant discussion followed about where to get caviar and Sello tape for sticking on moustaches. Alfred Marks tapped his gold lighter on the



Three in a bed (of course): Marks, Lumley and Rix

table, anxious to begin. The first act of the play was then read through. It was very funny, everyone laughed sycophantically when Brian Rix and Alfred Marks were reading, but so much of the plot is visual, people popping out of cupboards and into and underneath beds, that one got very little idea of its possibilities at this stage.

Leo Franklin complained "fourteenth floor" was difficult to say. Change it to tenth floor," said the director.

"That's a good cut: four doors," said Alfred Marks. The whole caper was full of in jokes like this.

Michael Pertwee, the author, talked about writing farce.

"You don't write it, you build it," he said. "Before any play goes on, Brian goes through it counting bellylaughs, laughs and titters: if there aren't enough of any of the three, more have to be added."

The second act was then read. The humour as broad as it wasn't. Longford. Nit was changed to nit, then changed back to nit again. The girls' costumes were then discussed. They spend the play in varying states of undress.

"I'm quite concerned about underclothing, there's so much of it," said Wally Douglas. "It's got to look sexy, yet he tough enough for the girls to crawl under beds."

"You can't go wrong with a well-cut bra and pants," said Joanna Lumley as though she was ordering a new beater mixture tweed.

Some days later, I went to a second rehearsal. The manic affability of the first day was somewhat diminished. The sun tans had faded, even the fake tans looked yellow. Low flying aircraft were getting on everyone's nerves.

Costumes arrived, which cheered everyone up. Donna Reading tried on her hot-pants suit, which was so tight, she was walking round two inches off the ground. The actors were charging about in their socks and not much else like a blue film or an anti-spitter group.

The nice myopic wardrobe mistress came up to me. "Would you like to try on your costume, dear?"

Alfred Marks was still very shy and up-tight, but a most brilliant performance was emerging. Whether he was being ludicrously amorous with one of his foosies or trying to outwit the inspector, the bland leading the bland, he never put a foot wrong.

We next watched a complete run-through of the play. It really was funny now—and had me and the technicians falling off our chairs. All the hits that seemed draggy at the read-through had either been cut out, or took on meaning in the context of the visual.

We adjourned to a nearby pub for lunch. The locals looked slightly startled to see Leo

Franklyn still wearing his dressing gown and pyjamas and clutching a sponge bag. Everyone left their spring onions. Actors are very conscious of their breath—the girls sucked Polos all the time.

On the following Monday, I arrived in Birmingham half-way through what can only be described as the undress rehearsal, at the part in the play where unbenowast to one another, Alfred Marks and Brian Rix are about to get into bed with Joanna Lumley.

Joanna was bawling about taking her clothes off on stage. "I'll get into bed, then remove my bra and pants," she told Wally Douglas firmly. "It's the sort of thing a Kensington girl would do."

Wally disagreed: "I'll be all right if we dim the lights," he said. Joanna shook her head, then wandered down stage and took off her bra. "Look Wally, it simply isn't sexy," and in the end Joanna agreed to strip if the lights were dimmed to pitch black.

Michael Pertwee and I had a drink to stiffen our upper lips. "It was a depressingly good dress rehearsal," he said.

We then wished everyone good luck on the opening performance that night. Everyone had sent each other cables and flowers.

I went out front as nervous as a cat. After all this effort—what if it were a terrible flop? I felt as if it were my play now, and all my friends were acting in it. Suddenly, miraculously, the whole theatre was filled with laughter like a great bellows. Time and again throughout the performance, the audience broke into spontaneous clapping over a particularly spectacular piece of business.

The second act produced even more hilarity. Curtain call after curtain call was taken at the end. Then after a subdued dinner, Brian Rix, Michael Pertwee, their two wives and Wally Douglas and I retired to a private room for a post mortem. "At this stage we look for what's wrong," said Michael Pertwee, "so it can be put right before we go into the West End."

At five o'clock in the morning the men were still at it, hammering out ideas. Mrs Rix and Mrs Pertwee sat fast asleep on adjacent sofas, their beautiful ankles crossed.

I sorted when initial difficulties are sorted out, Alfred Marks and Brian Rix will make the ideal combination. Malvolio and Aguecheek, stuffed shirt and clown. Marks and Rix could become as well known as Marks and Spencer. The play, like Tennyson's brook, should run for ever.

What was so surprising, as I picked up a morning paper next day, was that we had all been too involved to realise the dollar, or is it the yen, was floating.

He tried to make me
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But I said
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A.F.G.L.

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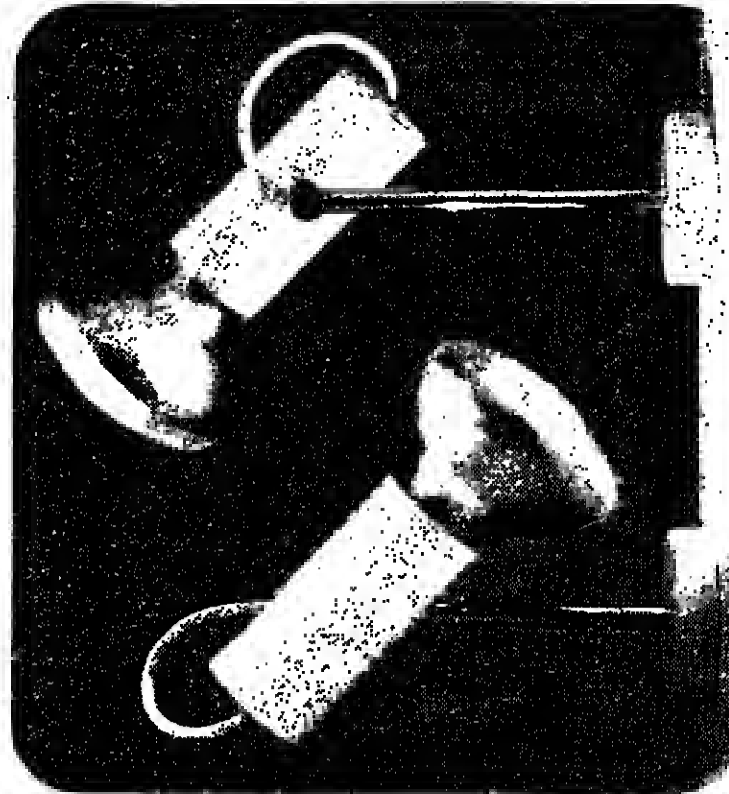
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WOMAN'S ROLE

WOMEN, she adds, often make more promising beginners since they will accept that they must learn to type and make themselves useful around the office until they pick up the experience to take on an account. "Imagine telling a man to come back when he can type."—Report in The Times (sent in by Mrs Margaret Newman, Beckenham, Kent).

HE blamed the return of congestion on local people who had now taken to driving in—"old ladies in Morris Minors driving round at a snail's pace, window-shopping as they go."—The Times (A. J. Clifford, Retford, Notts).

IF YOU'RE leaving town, it often gets a little difficult to dispose of

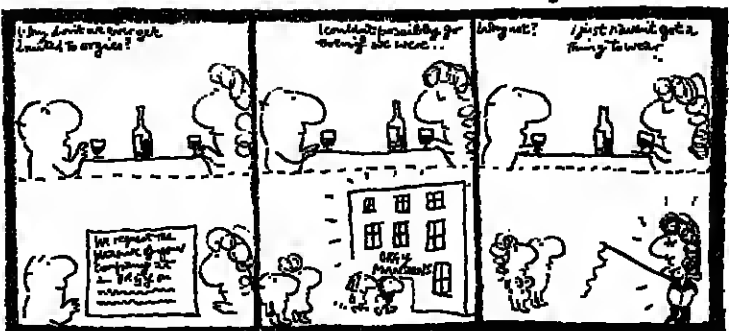
some of the clutter you've collected over the years... like girl-friends.—Programme note in TV Times (Miss R. L. Johnson, Salisbury, Wills).

THE Association has been asked to publicise the vacancies for two male sociologists at the Halle Selassie University.—Circular from the British Sociological Assn. (Diana Barker, Brynmill Terrace, Swansea).

SPINNING frames up at Salts' mill on the outskirts of Bradford are operated by both men and women, but the men work six frames at a time while the women manage seven for practically the same pay. Why, I asked the male overseer, were women expected to do more work than the men?

"Because it's women's work," he said.—The Guardian (F. P. Sharples, Didsbury, Manchester.)

COUPLES



by Calman

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HOMES

Fiji palms and sunshine: but there are snags in buying a foothold in paradise

Like Fiji, the Seychelles is also in the sterling area. Most of the action here is taking place on the principal island of Mahé. Developers and others have been buying land on the island for some years but everything has been hanging on the building of the airport, a big engineering job which involved reclaiming land from the sea. The airport is now finished and the first few in a couple of months ago, even though the service is still restricted.

A number of hotels are planned for the island and the first to be built, the Reef Hotel, is near the airport. Several residential developments are being sold at the moment and one of the most established is Casuarina Hills, owned by a developer named John Lecon.

Density and building style here are fairly strictly controlled and you can buy a half-acre plot for about £1,000 and build a small house on it for probably £3-6,000. Knight Frank & Rutley are the London agents for this scheme as they will be for another development soon to come on to the market next to the Reef Hotel. The developers here are the British firm, W. & C. French and there will be some 130 plots available. Prices are not yet fixed.

Another British scheme in the Seychelles is Vista do Mar, about Beau Vallon Beach. Eleven residential plots are still available here, up to three-quarters of an acre in size and costing between £2,250 and £2,500. To build a small house would once again cost about £6,000 or so. All roads are in, together with services and the English agents are Hamnett Raffety in Beconsfield.

Robert Tru

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continued on page 47

Robert Truoo

IN MY FASHION

CHECK THAT TARTAN by Ernestine Carter

THE upsurge of tartan is not, I fear, fashion's contribution to the celebration of the bicentenary of Sir Walter Scott's birth. It would be to think that designers in this and London are paying tribute to the great Scot, actually the tartan story was the making early in the 19th century.

Christian Dior-London Jörn Langberg is dancing a lively reel. His collection is an amalgam of Langberg's original designs and adaptations of Marc Bohan's creations for Christian Dior.

From Paris are the marvelous checks. From Paris are the vast coats, pheasant feather trimmed; coats sleeved in fox; the upland collars; the enamel-like scarves; the shoulder hugging sweaters. From Paris is the classic we showed last Sunday.

Today we show one of Jörn Langberg's tartans. His is a tartan if any, clans would dream made of sequins hand-sewn black silk organza. Tartans, checks, tam-o'-shanters, shawl capes, evening kilt, vest dress jackets, shown to the plaid and laments brought Tatoo to Conduit Street.

Appropriately the collection will be shown near Edinburgh, evening showings at which Margaret will be Guest of Honour, will be on October 9, Marchmont, Greenlaw, the one of Sir Robert and Lady Ewen, in aid of the Royal Blind Club and School. (Tickets, £5 each, including the statutory impagne supper and an untutored discotheque, from Lady Campbell, Lennel, Coldstream, Wickshire.)

TARTAN is a main theme of in Bates collections for Jean Ron and Capricorn also shown last week. But that ends his Highland Fling. His tartans are de into square djellehahs, ck braid trimmed over his ch collared, wrist-ruffled white rts, into long high-waisted afone dresses, beetle-backed in over white shirts.

The hidden neck is one of this tier's signatures. Jörn Langberg has delicious high collars tied under the chin like outlet is; John Bates becomingly ups pleated ruffles to frame the e. Dropped shoulders are other; at Dior on suit jackets, sleeves buttoned from the low m to the wrist; at Jean Varon long, high-waisted dresses. Ells are a third, at Dior, edging lars, cuffs and hems; at John tes, living his handsome arts.

TARTAN also shaped the career Alan Hersman who is relecting this month his twenty-fifth of trading as Allan's of ke Street. Mr Hersman's first introduc-

tion to fabrics was when his father, who had a general out-fitters shop in Newport, bought seven yards of tartan. He remembers still how fascinated he was as his father unrolled the bolt of brilliantly coloured material.

Despite this introduction, he went into fabrics by chance, for he came to London in 1928 in time for the general strike and a job in a fabric house was the only one he could find.

It was not until twenty years later, after the War, that he and his brother set up on their own at Duke Street just when imports were re-permitted on quota.

Now he and his brother comb the world for fabrics: silks from France, embroideries from Switzerland and Austria, prints from Italy.

In 1959 Mr Hersman made his first trip to India, where he now has an interest in an atelier in Benares from which Allan's get their embroidered fabrics that sell from £11 to £100 a yard.

It's a very small studio in a very old house. If you sneezed the building would fall down. But they produce things which the conventional market doesn't. We must have things which are really different. We must create fabrics from our own ideas.

THE FASHION industry has been one of the leaders into the Common Market, skipping across the Channel with cheerful alacrity. First Jaeger's, then Rayne, then Ossie Clark and now Jean Muir.

It's not one-way traffic, for it is Didier Grumbach of Mendes, the French manufacturer who produces the ready-to-wear collections of Givenchy and Ungaro (among others), who stretched his clever band from Paris to London, both to Ossie Clark and Jean Muir.

In a world market, we can't be too local! says Jean, who with her husband and managing director Harry Lockart, has been talking with M. Grumbach since Christmas. "Via Mendes, we can expand into the continent."

The first Muir-Mendes collection will be shown next month during the pre-a-priver week in Paris. "Paris," says Miss Muir, "is geared to be a buying centre."

LONDON is a buying centre, too—and an alluring market as well, at which the Continent casts longing looks. Latest arrival from Paris is Jean-Marie Armand.

After seven years at Nina Ricci, Armand, now 36, started on his own about five years ago. An artist himself, he handles contrasting fabrics like collage. He sells to Nieman Marcus, Bonwit Teller and Saks-Fifth Avenue in the USA. We can hope that some enterprising store will snap up his fresh young clothes for London.



TARTAN BY JOHN BATES for Capricorn: under a mini-pink in green wool, a green, yellow and white brushed rayon turtleneck and long pleated skirt; with it goes a long green wool coat, full skirted and high-waisted. Together, about £50 at Lucienne Phillips, 89 Knightsbridge and at Belville-Sassoon, 185 Sloane Street, from November.

TARTAN BY JORN LANGBERG at Christian Dior-London: long skirt of black silk organza, tartan checked in red, yellow and green sequins, below a short jacket in black velvet, its black buttons silver-edged. At Christian Dior-London, 9 Conduit Street.

Drawing by David Wolfe



TARTAN FROM FRANCE by Jean-Marie Armand: Left, long jacket in black, white and blue quilted wool voile, collared and pocketed in pale blue matelassé wool rollie like the dress beneath; matching cloche and clogs. Right, purple suede catsuit topped in orange, purple, yellow and green wool voile, matching jacket lined in orange baby lamb's wool.

Sketches by Christian Benais

CHECKS BY WALLIS in yellow, red and blue for a wide-shouldered short top. £13.95 at all Russell & Bromley. Blue cashmere polo necked sweater by Bolletyne, £9.75 at Piccadilly Cashmere House, 166 Piccadilly. Pheasant feather trimmed brown velvet beret by Christian Dior Chapeaux at Debenhams & Freebody and Horrods. Navy denim jeans, £4 at The Pont House, 8 Horton Street. Navy rubber Wellingtons, £3.95 at Russell & Bromley. Photograph by Patrick Lichfield. Hair by Herta at Vidal Sassoon.



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